



# REX BEACH ADVENTURE STORIES

## The Colonel and the Horse Thief

By REX BEACH

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THOSE marks on my arm? Oh, I got 'em playing horse thief! Yes, playing. I wasn't a real one, you know. Well, I suppose it was sort of a queer game. Came near being my last, too, and if Black Hawk hadn't been the best horse in Texas the old colonel would've killed me sure. He chased me six miles as it was—me with one arm full of his buckshot and anxious to explain and him straining to get in range again and not wishing any further particulars.

That was way back in the sixties, when I was as wild a lad as ever straddled a pony. You see, five of us had gone over into the Crow Nation to race horses with the Indians, and it was on the way back that the old man and the bullet holes began to tell the story. At the beginning it was Jim Barrett's plan, and it had just enough risk and excitement in it to suit a bit of a young fellow like me. So we got five of the boys who had good horses, jumped together all of our money and rode out to invade the reservation.

You know how an Indian loves to run horses? Well, the Crows had a good deal of money, then, and our scheme was to go over there, get up a big race, back our horses with all we had and take down the wealth. Taking chances? Don't you believe it. That's where the beauty of Jim's plan commenced to sort of shine through.

You see, as soon as the money was up and the horses started every Indian would be watching the race and yelling at the odds; then in the confusion our boys was to grab the whole lot, Indian's money and ours, too, and would make our getaway across the river back into Texas.

We figured that we could get a few minutes' start of 'em, and, with the horses we had under us, there wasn't much danger of their getting in range before we crossed back to where they couldn't follow us.

Well, sir, I never see anything work out like that scheme did. Them Crows was dead anxious to run their ponies and seemed scared that we wouldn't let 'em get all their money up.

As we were eating supper the night before the race Donnelly says: "Boys, I'm sure that we didn't have more coin. If we'd worked 'em right they'd 'a' give us odds. We could 'a' got 5 to 3 anyhow and maybe more."

"They shore have got a heap of confidence in them states of their'n," says "Kink" Martin. "I never see anybody so anxious to play a race in my life. If it wasn't all planned out the way it is I'd like to stick and see which boss is the best. I'd back Black Hawk again any bunk of meat in the territory with the kid here in the saddle."

Martin's ribbed it up for me to ride. That's right, Black Hawk, while a little fellow named Hollis rode his own horse.

Donnelly's part was to stay in the saddle and keep the other horses close to Barrett and Martin. They was to stick next to the money and one of 'em do the barring off of the booty while the other made the protection play.

We hoped in the excitement to get off without hauling any of Uncle Sam's pets, but all three of the boys had been with the rangers, and I knew if it came to a showdown they wouldn't hesitate to "pot" one or two in getting away.

We rode out from camp the next morning to where we'd staked out a mile track on the prairie, and it seemed as if the whole Crow Nation was there and nary a white but us five.

They'd entered two pretty good looking horses and had their jockeys stripped down to breechcloths, while Hollis and me wore our whole outfits on our backs, as we didn't exactly agree on dressing after the race—leastways, not on that side of the river.

Just before we lined up Jim says: "Now, you—all ride like—and when you get to the far turn we'll let the guns loose and stampede the crowd. Then just leave the track and make a break for the river, everybody fer himself. We'll all meet at their cottonwoods on the other side, so we can stand 'em off if they try to swim across after us."

That would have been a sure enough hot race if we had run it out, for we all four got as pretty a start as I ever see and went down the line all together with a banging of hoofs and Indian yells ringing in our ears.

I had begun to work Black Hawk out of the bunch to get a clear start across the prairie at the turn when I heard the guns begin snapping like popcorn.

"They've started a-ready!" yelled Hollis, and we turned the rearing horses toward the river, three miles away, leaving them two savages tearing down the track like mad.

I glanced back as I turned, but instead of seeing the boys in the midst of a decent retreat the crowd was swarming after 'em like a nest of angry hornets, while Donnelly, with his rifle between his teeth, was blazing away at three reds who were right at Barrett's heels as he ran for his horse. Martin was tacking his jumping cap on

away from the mob, which spluttered and spit angry shots after him. Bucks were running here and there and hastily mounting their ponies, while an angry roar came to me, punctuated by the popping of the guns.

Hollis and I reached the river and swam it half a mile ahead of the others and their yelling bunch of trail-ers, so we were able to protect 'em in their crossing.

I could see from their actions that Bennett and Martin was both hurt, and I judged the deal hadn't panned out exactly according to specifications.

The Crows didn't attempt to cross in the teeth of our fire, however, being satisfied with what they'd done, and the horses safely brought our three comrades dripping up the bank to where we lay taking pot shots at every bunch of feathers that approached the opposite bank.

We got Barrett's arm into a sling, and as Martin's hurt wasn't serious we lost no time in getting away.

"They simply beat us to it," complained Barrett as we rode south. "You all had just started when young Long Hair grabs the sack and ducks through the crowd, and the whole bunch turns loose on us at once. We wasn't expecting anything so early in the game, and they winged me the first clatter. I thought sure it was off with me when I got this bullet in the shoulder, but I used the gun in my left hand and broke for the nearest pony."

"They got me, too, before I saw what was up," added Martin, "but I tore out of there like a jack rabbit. It was all done so cussed quick that the first thing I knew I'd straddled my horse and was making tracks. Who'd 'a' thought them damned Indians was dishonest enough for a trick like that?"

Then Donnelly spoke up and says: "Boys, as far as the coin goes we're out and injured. We just made a Mexican stand off—lost our money, but saved our lives—and mighty lucky at that from appearances. What I want to know now is how we're all going to get home, clean across the state of Texas, without a dollar in the outfit and no assets but our guns and the boys."

"That was sure tough proposition, and we had left it to the old man's calculations. We'd bet every bean on that race, not seeing how we could lose. In them days there wasn't a railroad in that section, ranches were scattering, and people weren't giving pink teas to every stranger that rode up, especially when they were as hard looking as we were."

"We've got to eat, and so's the horses," says Hollis, "but no rancher is going to welcome with open arms as disreputable an outfit as we are—two men shot up and the rest of us without bedding, grub, money or explanations. Them's what we need—explanations. I don't exactly see how we're going to explain our fix to the honest bay diggers either. Everybody 'a' think some sheriff is after us, and two to one they'll put some officer on our trail, and we'll have more trouble. I believe I've had all I want for awhile."

"I'll tell you how we'll work it," I says. "One of us 'a' be the sheriff of Guadalupe county, back home, with three deputies, bringing back a prisoner that we've chased across the state. We'll ride up to a ranch and demand lodging for ourselves and prisoner in the name of the state of Texas and say that we'll pay with vouchers on the county in the morning."

"No, sir; not fer me!" says Martin. "I'm not going in for forgery. It's all right to practice a little mild deception on our red brothers, as we figured on doing, but I'm not going to try to flim-flam the state of Texas. Our troubles would only be starting if we began that game."

"Your plan's all right, Kink," says Bennett to me. "You be the terrible desperado that I'm bringing home after a bloody fight where you wounded Martin and me and 'most escaped. You'll have every rancher's wife giving you flowers and weeping over your youth and kissing you goodby. In the morning, when we're ready to go and I'm about to fix up the vouchers for our host, you break away and ride like the devil. We'll all tear off a few shots and feller in a hurry, leaving the farmer hoping that the villain is recaptured and the girls tearfully praying that the gallant and misguided youth escapes."

It seemed to be about our only resort, as the country was full of bad men, and we were liable to get turned down cold if we didn't have some story, so we decided to try it on.

We rode up to a ranch 'bout dark that night, me between the others, with my hands tied behind me, and Jim called the owner out.

"I want a night's lodging for my 'deputies and our prisoner," he says. "I'm the sheriff of Guadalupe county, and I'll fix up the bill in the morning."

"Come in! Come in!" the feller says, calling a man for the horses. "Glad to accommodate you. Who's your prisoner?"

"That's Texas Charlie that robbed the Bank of Euclid single handed," answers Jim. "He give us a long run clean across the state, but we got him just as he was getting over into the Indian Territory. Fought like a tiger."

It worked fine. The feller, whose name was Morgan, give us a good layout for the night and a bully breakfast next morning.

That desperado game was simply great. The other fellers attended to the horses, and I just sat around looking vicious and had my grub brought to me, while the woman acted sorrowful and fed me pie and watermelon pickles.

When we were ready to leave next morning Jim says, "Now, Mr. Morgan, I'll fix up them vouchers with you," and, giving me the wink, I let out a yell, and, jabbing the spurs into Black Hawk, I cleared the fence and was off like a puff of dust, with the rest of 'em shooting and screaming after me like mad.

Say, it was lovely, and when the boys overtook me, out of sight of the house, Morgan would have been astonished to see the sheriff, his posse and the terrible desperado doubled up to their chins laughing fit to bust. Well, sir, we never had a hitch in the



"That's Texas Charlie that robbed the Bank of Euclid."

proceedings for five days, and I was getting to feel a sort of pride in my record as a bank robber, forger, horse thief and murderer, according to the way Bennett presented it. He certainly was the boss liar of the range.

He had a story framed up that painted me as the bloodiest young tough the Lone Star had ever produced, and it never failed to get me all the attention there was in the house.

One night we came to the best looking place we'd seen, and in answer to Jim's summons, out walked an old man, followed by two of the prettiest girls I ever saw, who joined their father in inviting us in.

"Glad to be of assistance to you, Mr. Sheriff," he said. "My name is Purdy, sir—Colonel Purdy, as you may have heard; in the Mexican war I spent three times for distinguished conduct. These are my daughters, sir—Anabel and Marie."

As we went in he continued: "You say you had a hard time getting your prisoner? He looks young for a criminal. What he wanted for?"

Somehow when I saw those girls blushing and bowing behind their father I didn't care to have my crimes made out any blinder necessary, and I tried to give Jim the high sign to let me off easy—just make it forgery or arson—but he was looking at the ladies, and, evidently believing in the strength of a good impression, he said: "Well, yes; he's young, but he never was a old man with half his crimes. He's wanted for a good many things in different places, but I went after him for horse stealing and murder. Killed a rancher and his little daughter, then set fire to the house and ran off a bunch of stock."

"Oh, oh! How dreadful!" shuddered the girls, backing off with horrified glances at me.

I tried to get near Jim to step on his foot, but the old man was glaring at me something awful.

"Come to observe him closely, he has a depraved face," says he. "He looks the thorough criminal in every feature; dead to every decent impulse, I s'pose."

In those days I was considered a pretty handsome feller, too, and I knew I had Jim beat before the draw on looks, but he continues talking matters worse.

"Yes, and he's desperate, too—one of the worst I ever see. We had an awful fight with him up here on the line of the territory. He shot Martin and me before we got him. You see, I wanted to take him alive, and so I took chances on getting hurt."

"Thank you, miss; my arm does ache considerable. Of course if you'd jest as soon dress it—Oh, no; I'm no lawyer's anybody else, I guess! Nice of you to say so, anyhow." And he went grinning out into the kitchen with the girls to fix up his arm.

The old man insisted on having my feet bound together and me fastened to a chair and said: "Yes, yes, I know you can watch him, but you're in my house now, and I feel a share of the responsibility upon me. I've had experience with desperate characters, and I'm going to be sure that this young reprobate don't escape his just punishment. Are you sure you don't need more help getting him home? I'll go with you if I can."

"Thank you," interrupted Hollis. "We've chased the scoundrel 400 miles, and I reckon, now we've got him, we can keep him."

"At supper Jim, with his arm in a new sling, sat between the two girls, who cooed over him and took turns feeding him till it made me sick."

The old man had a nigger move my shirt up to the foot of the table and bring me a plate of coarse grub after they all finished eating.

He had tied my ankles to the lower rung of the chair himself, and when I says to the nigger, "Those cords have plum stopped my circulation; just ease 'em up a little," he went straight up.

"Don't you touch them knots, Sam!" he roared. "I know how to secure a man, and don't you try any of your games. I'd never forgive myself if you escaped."

I ate everything I could reach, which wasn't much, and when I asked for the butter he glared at me and said: "Butter's too good for horse thieves. Eat what's before you."

Every time I'd catch the eye of one of the girls and kind of grin and look outling she'd shiver and tell Jim that the marks of my depravity stood out on my face like waris on a toad.

ger never closed an eye all night. I was trying to get even with somebody. After breakfast, when it came time to leave, Donnelly untied my feet and led me out into the yard, where the girls were hanging around the colonel and Jim, who was preparing to settle up.

As we rode up the evening before I had noticed that we turned in from the road through a lane and that the fence was too high to jump, so when I threw my leg over Black Hawk I hit Donnelly a swat in the neck, and as he did a stage fall I swept through the gate and down the lane.

The old man cut the halter off one of his Mexican warwhips and broke through the house on the run, appearing at the front door with his shotgun just as I checked up to make the turn on to the main road.

As I swung around, doubled over the horse's neck, he let drive with his old blunderbuss, and I caught two buckshot in my right arm where you see them marks.

I had sense enough to hang on and ride for my life, because I knew the old fire eater would reckon it a pleasure to put an end to such a wretch as me if he got half a chance.

I heard him hawl: "Come on, boys! We'll get him yet!" And over my shoulder I saw him jump one of his loose horses standing in the yard and come tearing down the lane, ahead of the befuddled sheriff and posse, his white hair streaming and the shotgun waving aloft as though charging an army of greasers at the head of his regiment.

From the way he drew away from the boys I wouldn't have placed any money that he was wrong, either.

I've always wondered how the old man ever got through that war with only three recommendations to the government.

He certainly kept good horses, too, for in five minutes we'd left the posse



"Come on, boys! We'll get him yet!"

behind, and I saw him madly urging his horse into range, reloading as he came.

As I threw the quilt into the mare with my good arm I allowed I'd had about all the horse stealing I wanted for awhile.

The old devil finally saw he was losing ground to spite of his best efforts and let me have both barrels. I heard the shot patter on the hard road behind me and hoped he'd quit and go home, but I'm blamed if he didn't chase me five miles farther before turning back in hopes I'd cast a shoe or something would happen to me.

I believe I was on the only horse in Texas that could have outrun the colonel and his hot morning.

About noon I stopped at a blacksmith's shop, half dead with pain, and had my arm dressed and a big jolt of whisky.

As the posse rode up to me, sitting in the sun by the lathered flanks of my horse and nursing my arm, Jim yells out: "Here he is! Surround him, boys! You're our prisoner!"

"No! I'm blamed if I am!" I says. "You'll have to get another desperado. After this I'm the sheriff!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Korea's Edible Grasses.**  
The use of grasses, roots and the tender bark of trees in Korea does not necessarily imply a deficiency of food supplies. These articles are much in use by Koreans, even of the well to do classes, for salads and side dishes at meals.

**London's Oldest Papers.**  
It is generally thought that the Times, published in 1778, is the oldest London daily, but the Morning Post was in existence in 1772. The oldest Sunday newspaper, the Observer, was established in 1791, when it was sold at 8d. a copy, a price which was also charged for the Weekly Dispatch. The result of these prices was that the average person could not afford to buy a newspaper, but used to pay for the hire of one.

**Macaroni.**  
French macaroni differs from the Italian in so far that the French is dried in closed rooms instead of in the open air, as in Italy.

**Chinese Barbers.**  
The Chinese people have very light beards, and their practice for untold years has been to patronize the native barbers, who carry their equipment suspended at the two ends of a coolie pole across the shoulder and stroll about the native streets seeking customers. Comparatively few Chinese have adopted the plan of shaving themselves, and these consist entirely of those who have imbibed western ideas.

### The World's Gypsies.

The gypsies have passed under a variety of names, arising either from their supposed original country or the callings and characteristics of the race. The old English Egyptian, the Spanish Gitanos and the Magyar Pharas nepek (Pharaoh's people) all point to an Egyptian origin. The Scandinavian Tatars, identifies them with the Mongolian hordes which terrorized early Europe, while the French Bohemian suggests yet another country as their cradle.

As to the names bestowed by their supposed character, the Arab boldly calls them harant (a villian), the Dutchman heydens, or heathens, and the Persian takes his name from their complexion and dubs them karachi, or swarthy. A charter of William the Lion, as early as the twelfth century, mentions their Scotch name of tinklers, which is commonly supposed to be a corruption of tinkler, although possibly the substitution of "t" for "d" has produced this form of the Italian zingaro, one of the most widespread of gypsy appellations.—London Spectator.

### The Moth and the Candle.

It is not because the moth is light-hearted, heedless and utterly frivolous, as we have always been told, that it plunges headlong into the flame, but because of the way that its body is constructed, says Kaempfer, the well known student of physical science. There are two symmetrical points, exactly alike chemically, on the moth's body—namely, its eyes. If the rays of light modify the chemical conditions of one side more than the other then the moth's power of movement is affected. There is a stronger muscular tension on one side than on the other, and the moth is forced to move toward the source of light. If, however, one of the eyes is removed the chemical symmetry is destroyed and instead of plunging into the flame it moves about in a circle. There are other animals and insects besides the moth which are hopelessly in the grip of light. If a snail is placed between a white wall and a black wall the unequal lighting forces it to crawl in a circle.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Symbolic Key.

Art, Music and Poetry have in all ages been considered the polite arts, but what is art without the proper portrayal of the dress of the age that it seeks to represent? What is music that does not bring inspiration from the masters of the past who were clothed in the power to give us glimpses of men and ideals of whom the only lasting impression can be gained by the form our imaginations give to them? And our imaginations clothe them in robes in which their creators sent them out on their errands of giving the world higher ideals. Then what is poetry but thought clothed in words? No matter from what side flowed, the figure of speech of clothing is the symbolic key that gives entrance to these higher realms, and therefore why should not clothes themselves touch the hem of the garments of the arts, with which they are so closely in touch?—American Tailor and Cutter.

### The Australian Appetite.

An Australian paper gives some surprising statistics of what the average Australian eats. Apparently he has the best appetite, if not the best digestion, of any human being on the planet. He eats every year 264 pounds of meat, which works out at an average of two sheep and one-fifth of a bullock for every man, woman and baby in Australia. He eats more than twice as much meat as the average Englishman, three times as much as the average Frenchman and four times as much as the average German or Swiss. He eats, in addition, about three and three-quarters hundredweight of wheat, two and a half hundredweight of potatoes and almost one hundredweight of sugar. If he is a Tasmanian he eats a quarter of a ton of potatoes in a year.

### Titles.

"That is a remarkably distinguished family of yours."

"Yes," replied Mr. Mildman. "My wife is president of several societies. My eldest son is a captain in the Salvation Army and his brother is an officer in the boy scouts."

"And is there no special distinction for you?"

"Yes, I'm the only person in the house who is addressed as plain 'mister.'"—Washington Star.

### A Slight Blenheim.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mulligan, who was having a chat with two friends, "my husband's a wonderful man. He can mend clocks. Sure, Mrs. Moriarty, didn't he mend your cuckoo clock so that it kapes beautiful time now?"

"That he did, Mrs. Mulligan," replied Mrs. Moriarty; "he mended it all right. It's only got one single fault now—it 'bos' before it 'cucks'!"—London Telegraph.

### Harmony In Life.

It is not by reducing life to less, but by expanding it to more—not by muffling its stern notes, but by ringing its sweetness clearly out—that a serene harmony may be obtained.

### Cause For Jealousy.

Jess—They went to the lake district in their wedding trip, and Ethel was wretched. Rose—What was the trouble? Jess—George fell in love with the scenery.—Cleveland Leader.

### Bright Outlook.

She—Is your brother, who is deaf, any better. He—Yes. He was arrested yesterday, and I'm told he is to get his hearing in the morning.—Brooklyn Citizen.

### Platinum.

In color platinum is bluish gray, and, although to the inexperienced eye silver, nickel and aluminium look something like it, the first two are attacked quickly by nitric acid, while aluminium is so very light in comparison with platinum that it would be difficult to mistake one for the other.

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# HAS REJECTED OUR FRIENDSHIP

## Attitude of Mexico Has Created New Circumstances

### POLICY OF UNITED STATES

Outlined in Message to Congress, in which Wilson Recommends That Americans Be Urged to Leave Country at Once—No Armed Intervention—Huerta's Impossible Terms

President Wilson played his trump card in the Mexican situation when he appeared before a joint session of congress to read a message which advised:

"That all Americans be earnestly urged to leave Mexico at once. That Mexico must be informed that summary punishment will be made if American lives are outraged. That he deems it duty to let the various Mexican factions fight out their troubles. That he must prohibit shipment of arms to both federalists and rebels, to insure strict neutrality by the United States. That everyone in Mexico who assumes to exercise authority must know that this government 'shall vigilantly watch the fortunes of those Americans who cannot get away and shall hold those responsible for their suffering and losses to a definite reckoning. That can, and will be made plain beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding. Accompanying the president's address was the reply of the Huerta government rejecting the American proposals. It was written by Foreign Minister Obinboa. It suggested the following alternative policy for the United States:

Reception of a Mexican ambassador in Washington.

That the United States send a new ambassador to Mexico without restraints.

Strict observance of the neutrality laws and "see to it that no material or monetary assistance is given to the rebels."

Unconditional recognition of the Huerta government.

Failure of the negotiations of Special Envoy Lind was reported by the president. But he said the door is not closed to resumption of peace overtures.

The president regards the situation as critical. His address breathed friendship for the Mexican people, but extreme pessimism as to the outlook for immediate restoration of peace, because of President Huerta's rejection of the mediation plan.

The message was distinctly pacific in tone and contains little in the way of recommendation for future policy except the single one that "this government must urge earnestly that all Americans should leave Mexico at once and that the United States should assist them to get out of Mexico in every way possible."

The president counsels delay before further action is taken, and says:

"Impatience on our part would be childish and would be fraught with every risk of wrong and folly. The door is not closed against the resumption, either upon the initiative of Mexico or upon our own, of the effort to bring order out of the confusion by friendly co-operative action, should fortunate occasion offer.

"So long as the misunderstanding continues we can only await the time of their awakening to a realization of the actual facts. We cannot trust our good offices upon them. The situation must be given a little more time to work itself out in the new circumstances, and I believe that only a little while will be necessary.

"The circumstances are new. The rejection of our friendship makes them new and will inevitably bring its own alterations in the whole aspect of affairs.

"The actual situation of the authorities at Mexico City will presently be repaid."

President Wilson last night warned all Americans to leave Mexico at once. At the same time the American embassy and all consular representatives throughout the southern republic were instructed to "notify all officials, civil and military, in Mexico (that they would be held strictly responsible for harm or injury done to Americans or their property.

Within a day or two an announcement is expected of the mobilization of a large number of American troops along the southern frontier to enforce neutrality in the traffic of arms and munitions of war into Mexico.

President Wilson was in touch with Assistant Secretary Breckenridge of the war department last night, but the nature of his communication was not revealed. It is believed the president not only is preparing to strengthen the border patrol, but desires the strictest vigilance by troops already watching the international boundary.

Turkey May Keep Adrianople

The European powers have agreed to allow Turkey to retain Adrianople despite threats of Bulgaria to try to retake that city as soon as she can collect sufficient resources to declare war.

Meteor Churns a River

The falling of a meteor into the Seacoast river, churning up the waters in the most novel manner, is reported from Tiverton, near Fall River, Mass. Steam arose from the water in great volume and the explosion that accompanied the fall sounded like the firing of a twelve-inch gun.

Dead Man Blamed For Deaths

Carelessness and reckless driving by Chauncey Walter Green was responsible, according to a finding of Judge Richardson, for his own death and the deaths of John P. Delaney and George Dally at Dedham, Mass.

# THAW REMAINS IN CANADA JAIL

## Fugitive May Have a Jury Trial If He So Desires

### HE WILL NOT BE DEPORTED

Proceedings Are Thrown Back Where They Started From—"Most Glorious Day of My Life," Says Thaw, When He Is Heartily Cheered by People of Sherbrooke

Harry K. Thaw is again in Sherbrooke jail—to stay there until Oct. 14. Then the charge upon which he was arrested will be heard. Thaw gets a jury trial; if he wants it, and from the temper of the Canadian people he will be freed.

The fugitive won out on his habeas corpus proceedings; the petition for which is withdrawn on the court's order. The result of this is to throw the proceedings back where they started from, with Thaw in jail on an imperfect commitment and entitled to a jury trial. Only the minister of justice's interference can force action in Thaw's case.

The legal victory is of small moment as viewed from Thaw's standpoint. He was greeted as a hero on the way from jail to the court and on the way back to jail, both in the morning and in the afternoon. Women threw kisses at him. Men tossed their hats in the air and cheered. And Thaw was supremely happy.

"This is the most glorious day of my life," he declared. "I know now that the Canadians will do me justice."

Thaw may be admitted to bail if his counsel so desire—but they don't—not at present. The amount would be nominal, for the offense on which he is held is a minor one, but counsel for the prisoner stated that Thaw, determined to keep out of Mattawan, will choose to remain in jail.

The afternoon's court proceedings, piled onto those of the morning, when New York authorities were given no chance to speak before the court, constitute a grand slap at those who are seeking to send Thaw back to Mattawan.

Not only were the proceedings summary, but were all done in French; which very few of those connected with the prosecution speak fluently enough to follow a decision.

In his opening Judge Olobensky rebuked severely the spectators for their conduct of the morning in cheering for Thaw. He then produced his decision, which he had carefully written out. He read it in French.

"A man charged with a crime has a constitutional right if he is too impatient to wait until acquitted by the ordinary process of law to ask for his freedom through a writ of habeas corpus, which insures him an immediate hearing," said he.

"However, a prisoner is not obliged to demand his freedom in this way and if he reconsiders his decision to ask for freedom through the ordinary process and await the vindication of a jury he can do so. Therefore the application for discontinuance of the writ of habeas corpus is allowed."

So riotous was the scene in the superior court when, at the morning session, Judge Olobensky refused to allow counsel representing New York state to be party to the proceedings, that the court subsequently warned spectators that a repetition of the cheering, chair-climbing, handkerchief-waving and general hysteria would mean jail sentences for the demonstrators.

Speaking from the bench at the afternoon session, he said that never in his experience as a member of the bar and of the bench had he been a witness to "such a disgraceful scene."

It was carried out in the presence of court attendants and four armed dominion police, who stood immovable while emotional women rushed toward Stanford White's lawyer, crying: "Three cheers for Thaw!" "Three cheers for the British flag!" "We will give you justice, Harry!"

**MICHAEL MAYBRICK DEAD**

Composer of "Nancy Lee" and Many Other Popular Songs

Michael Maybrick, the English musical composer, who under the name of "Stephen Adams" wrote some of the most popular songs in the English language, died at Buxton, Eng., at the age of 69.

Among his compositions were "Nancy Lee," "The Blue Albanian Mountains," "The Holy City" and "A Warrior's Song." He was a native of Liverpool, but had lived for many years in the Isle of Wight, where he devoted himself to municipal politics, serving five terms as mayor of Ryde.

**GETS \$40,000 IN GIFTS**

Thousands of Guests at Wedding of Princess of Little Hell

Thousands of residents of the Italian quarter in Chicago flocked to the home of the "king" of "Little Hell" for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Kaplan. They showered her with presents to the value of \$40,000 and drank wine which cost their host \$2500.

Frank Kaplan, father of the bride, who is regarded by the Italians as their unofficial leader, gave a \$10,000 check. He started in the district twenty-five years ago as a junk dealer.

Edward P. Weston, after a lifetime of walking on many famous trips, will become a Minnesota farmer.

A muddled political situation which New York city already faced was further complicated with the authorized declaration from Mayor Gaynor that he would run for re-election on an independent ticket.

# MAY BE LONG- SOUGHT THIEF

## Society Man Placed Under Arrest at Atlantic City

### ALLEGED ROBBER OF FRIEND

Charged With Stealing \$5000 in Diamonds From Philadelphia—Prisoner Inherited \$50,000 and Quickly Spent It—Suspected of Complicity in Thefts at Narragansett Pier

Charged with jewel thefts which, it is said, aggregate \$50,000, Harry E. Simonin, society man, was arrested in the surf at Atlantic City, N. J. William Oliver of Philadelphia, one of the alleged victims, pointed out Simonin, who was at the time in a bathing suit. Policeman Shaw, a sub in the detective bureau under Captain of Detectives Whalen, took the bather into custody.

While detectives have been searching in Newport, Narragansett Pier and elsewhere, Simonin has been lying quietly at 207 Madison avenue, a reasonably priced and respectable house, appealing to the trade of street car men. He rarely left this house, in the three weeks he lived there, except to go bathing.

Simonin is 24 years of age and inherited \$50,000 which he quickly spent. Oliver was his friend and picked him up in Philadelphia, taking him to his home. The charge is that Simonin eventually robbed the house of his benefactor, getting \$5000 in diamonds. The prisoner admits his identity, but will make no statement beyond this.

Simonin had been recognized once or twice in the surf in the last week or so, and Oliver came here with detectives to locate him. Once before he was found at the Dimplo hotel in Atlantic City, but escaped.

When his room was searched and Simonin's pockets examined, fifteen pawn tickets were found for jewels lost with brokers in Philadelphia and New York.

All these diamonds will be recovered, and in this way it is expected that clues connecting Simonin with various mysterious society robberies will be obtained. He is suspected of complicity in such thefts at Narragansett Pier, Washington and Baltimore, as well as in Philadelphia.

Simonin is being held for extradition to Pennsylvania.

**ONE TERM A YEAR**

Proposition to Cut Out the Summer Sessions of Congress

The tedious grind of a summer session of congress in Washington heat has had its effect on the new members of the house.

Representative Thompson of Illinois, a Progressive, indicated this by introducing a bill to prevent summer sessions. He proposes that congress shall assemble once every year, and that in the years of the long sessions it shall convene in October instead of December, thus preventing the extending of the session into the heated term.

Congress, under the bill, would meet in December only in congressional election years.

**PRINCESS INDIRA A BRIDE**

Daughter of Gaskwar of Baroda Becomes Wife of Prince Jitendra

Two powerful native ruling families of British India were united when Princess Indira, only daughter of the reigning Maharajah Gaskwar of Baroda, were married in London to Prince Jitendra, son of the Maharajah of Cochin-Nehar. The marriage followed a romantic courtship.

The bride's father and her brother, Shrimel Jaisingrao, are both well known in the United States, where the latter studied at Harvard. Her mother is a woman of advanced ideas and is the author of a book on the position of women in India.

**NO DANGER IN KISSING**

Except When Observed by Angry Parents, Says Health Officer

Health Commissioner Young of Chicago declares thus: "A kiss is dangerous only when indulged in so as to lead to observation by an angry parent." He defies any physician to prove the contrary.

C. S. Drake, who believes in hygienic kissing, had a warning written for the bulletin edited by Young, intoning of the dangers of osculation, concluding: "Therefore kissing should be avoided—should not be indulged in."

"Cut it out," ordered Young. "Let people kiss all they want to."

**LOOSE COINS BOTHERSOME**

They Must Not Be Left in Letter Boxes on Rural Routes

Picking up loose money has grown to be such a hardship for rural free delivery carriers that the postoffice department issued an order warning reckless citizens against leaving loose coins lying around.

Hereafter coins must be tied in bundles or enclosed in envelopes whenever the patron of a rural route wants stamps from a carrier and leaves the necessary amount in the wayside box.

**Killed Girl and Self**

A verdict that Carl W. Perry of Rockland, Me., shot Miss Angie Spear, his schoolmate and promised wife and then shot himself, was reported by the coroner's jury at the conclusion of an inquest on the finding of their bodies in a motor boat, discovered drifting in Penobscot bay.

# MELLEN WILL STAY WITH NEW HAVEN

## His Knowledge of New England Conditions Is Valuable

Charles S. Mellen will not leave the service of the New Haven road on Aug. 31, but will remain in an advisory capacity at a salary which is small in comparison to that paid to him as president. His present salary is said to be \$50,000.

In spite of all that had been said of Mellen's management it was argued by some directors that it would be a mistake to allow him to go and lose his services at a time when they might be needed.

The plan is that President-to-be Elliott will make use of Mellen's knowledge of the New England railroad situation in the constructive work of building up the road into a paying proposition.

**Two Deaths on Jacob's Ladder**

Two men were killed and five injured when the right rear wheel of the automobile in which they were riding collapsed on a sharp curve near the top of Jacob's Ladder, near Pittsfield, Mass., causing the machine to turn turtle. The accident took place while the car was traveling at a speed of thirty miles an hour, down grade.

**Aged Couple Killed**

Shorman J. Porter and his wife, an aged Springfield couple, were instantly killed when their automobile was struck by an express train at a crossing near South Deerfield, Mass. Their chauffeur escaped with minor injuries.

**NEW ENGLAND CLEANINGS**

Edward Wessel, a boy, was instantly killed and Miles P. Hough and Roswell J. Clapp were seriously injured when their automobile went over an embankment in Higganum, Conn., dropped fifteen feet to a brook and overturned, pinning the occupants under it.

John Hiles, 13, was killed when a Central Vermont passenger train from Palmer, Mass., collided with a coal train on a side track, about a mile north of New London, Conn.

After a hearing at Pittsfield, Mass., before Commissioner Woods, Antonio Blonze of Brooklyn, arrested in Springfield, charged with violating the Mann act, was held in \$10,000 bonds for trial in Boston.

The Fall River Iron Works company, owned by the M. C. D. Borden heirs, resumed operations in full after fifteen weeks of idleness. This means that 3000 employees will share the weekly payroll of \$40,000.

Dillon Arworthy, a Pennsylvania colt, won the \$6000 American Horse Breeders' Futurity at Rockingham, N. H., park in straight heats. He took the lead in each of the two heats of the race and held it to the end.

Margaret Crowe, 5 years old, was burned to death at Lowell, Mass., after her clothing had been ignited by a bonfire around which she was playing with a group of companions.

An inventory of the estate of Captain Lawrence of the Providence police force disclosed deposits of \$31,000 in local banks, which he had saved during his thirty-eight years on the force.

The first Salvation Army corps to be formed among prisoners east of Chicago was organized in the state prison at Windsor, Vt., by Salvation Army officials.

The nude body of a man with the head covered was found beside the railroad track between Belmont and Milton, N. H., by the crew of an express train.

Mannasseh A. Spear of Brookline, Mass., aged 52, shot himself through the heart a half-hour before he and his wife were to give up housekeeping by leaving their home to another family.

Seaman Henry Hussaker, aged 20, of Tennessee, slipped on the deck of the gunboat MacDonough at the Charlestown navy yard and fell overboard and was drowned.

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**LITTLE RHODY'S BIG FAIR**  
Rhode Island's Only Fair • New England's Best Fair  
**SEPT. 16, 17, 18, 19**  
**TUES., SEPT. 16** The Day to See the BIG EXHIBITS  
**WED., SEPT. 17** GRANGE DAY  
Speakers of National Fame  
**THURS. SEPT. 18 GOVERNOR'S DAY**  
**FRIDAY, SEPT. 19 CHILDREN'S DAY**  
All Children under 15 Years ADMITTED FREE  
Bigger and Better Exhibitions Than Ever Before  
Including Live Stock, Farm Implements, Household and Dairy Products, Fruit and Vegetables, Flowers and Plants, Textiles, Art, Labor Saving Inventions, etc.  
**FAST RACING** EVERY AFTERNOON  
PREMIUMS AND PURSES ALL GREATLY INCREASED  
**FREE VAUDEVILLE SHOW**  
DAILY, 10 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. in front of the Grand Stand  
LOW RATES from all points  
ADMISSION 50 CENTS

**F**  
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# THE BUSINESS MAN'S BANK.

This Bank is, and will continue to be, the business man's bank of Newport.

The same liberal and successful policy that has built up this strong institution will be continued in the future.

Business men and others are invited to consult us about their financial and business needs.

## THE NEWPORT TRUST CO.

303 THAMES STREET.

# The Man Who's Always at Ease

The man you like and respect, whose judgment is good and who has that undefinable charm of manner that quickly makes and keeps friends

## He Is The Man Who Has Traveled

It's the greatest education in the world, this getting away from the rut.

Meet other people, hear their views. See new places, have new ideas. Brush elbows with the "other half".

Sounds inviting, is fascinating.

## And It's Inexpensive.

**THE NEW ENGLAND LINES**  
BOSTON  
MAINE  
NEWPORT  
CENTRAL  
PENNSYLVANIA

# CHAFING DISHES



**With an ALCOHOL Lamp**  
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

**With ELECTRICITY**  
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

**We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today**

**347 STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.**

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is distributed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, and at once not get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no kinder about it. It cures Irritability, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Whooping Cough, soothes the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number 100.

Men are apt to worship what they can not understand—women, for instance.

Some men are like wheelbarrows—they won't carry anything unless they are pushed.

If there is any crankiness in a man it will generally crop out when he's hungry.

Most of a man's wickedness comes from an evil heart, but a lot of his meanness comes from a bad liver.

Boston Transcript.

"That young man has been sowing his wild oats."

"Then no wonder he looks seedy."

## The Scrap Book

**They Couldn't Either.**  
She was a charming English girl, but she could not see the point of a joke. Her classmates at college, jolly, fun loving girls, regretted this serious defect in their dear friend and determined upon a reform.

So they made up a little joke with a very broad point to spring upon Evelyn that night. Accordingly when they had all met in Evelyn's room Clara propounded the joke, which was really a riddle.

"Maud," she said, "can you tell me the best way to make a Maltese cross?" "No," replied Maud after due thought. "How do you make a Maltese cross?" "Pull its tail," said Clara promptly.

The other girls giggled obligingly, but Evelyn sat solemn as an owl with a puzzled frown on her classic brow.

"What's the matter with you, Evelyn?" cried the girls, justly indignant. "Can't you see the point?" "Girls," she said regretfully, "I know it's awfully stupid of me, but I can't for the life of me see how any one could make a Maltese cross out of a pullet's tail."—National Monthly.

**Gains For All Our Losses.**  
There are gains for all our losses. There are gains for all our pain. But when youth, the dream, departs It takes something from our hearts, And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better Under manhood's sterner reign. Still we feel that something sweet Followed youth with flying feet And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished, And we sigh for it in vain. We behold it everywhere, On the earth and in the air, But it never comes again.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

**Insulted His Patron.**  
Phil Morris, the eminent portrait painter, who died when his fame was at its zenith, had a very unpleasant experience while visiting a wealthy merchant who had commissioned him to paint his wife and baby for the sum of \$700. The first evening Mr. Morris and his "employer" were discussing the "pose," and the artist, thinking that he had hit on a brilliant suggestion, said it would be effective if the child were lying on the hearth rug with just a single garment on and his mother leaning over, playing "this little pig went to market."

"How dare you, sir! Do you wish to insult me? I've half a mind to countermand my order!" roared the irate wealthy magnate. Poor Phil Morris couldn't think what harm he had done until a few days later he learned that his patron had made his money in "pork" and was known as the "bacon king."—London Tit-Bits.

**Where It Did Most Good.**  
There was cause for an eruption in a downtown office one morning that, instead of causing a flow of lava of Vesuvian quality, will no doubt produce a rather of Vesuvian quantity. A large soap manufacturing firm sent a box of fine soap to the manager of the office, who handed it over to his dainty, well groomed stenographer, with the regulation "Here, do you want this?" Later in the day Mr. Manager remarked that he wished to dictate a letter of thanks to the manufacturer and began, "My Dear S.—I want to thank you for the box of soap, and you may be sure I have put it where it will do the most good." But the stenographer had fainted.—Indianapolis News.

**A Boomerang Speech.**  
The last time William Jennings Bryan was campaigning for the presidency Colonel O. W. Bolen of Michigan was on a train that was delayed by a wash-out in the southwestern part of the country. Bolen's remarkable personal resemblance to Bryan soon resulted in the circulation of a report that the Nebraska himself was on the train. The people from the nearest town had congregated about the rear coach and were shouting lustily for Bryan. Colonel Bolen tried to persuade them that he was not Bryan and added that he was a staunch Republican, both of which facts were true.

These announcements, however, brought forth only laughter, cheers and renewed requests for a speech. Finally Bolen yielded and delivered to the crowd a hot Republican speech, thinking that in this way he would do much damage to the Bryan cause.

A few weeks later Bolen got up a speaking acquaintance on the train with a man from the town in which he had made the speech.

"Our town was not much for Bryan," remarked the stranger, naming the town, "until he happened to pass through there one day and, after pretending that he was not Bryan, made a rattling good speech from the platform of the car. As a result of that accident the town has flocked over to Bryan completely."—Detroit News-Tribune.

**All Invalids.**  
Father Bernard Vaughan is still telling Londoners good stories of his experiences during his recent tour in America.

At St. Louis a boastful American said to him: "Look at our Mississippi and Hudson rivers! Why, compared with them your Mersey and Severn and Thames are sleepy, sickly streams."

"I think yours are just as sickly as ours," observed Father Vaughan.

"How do you make that out?" demanded the other.

"Well, they are all confined to their beds!" Father Vaughan replied.

**The Milky Way.**  
Among the Greeks the Milky way was known as the Galaxy and the Circle of Milk. The Chinese and Arabians call it the Celestial river. Some of the American Indian tribes regarded it as the path of departed souls to the spirit land, and in England it used to be familiarly called Jacob's ladder.

### ALONG THE ROAD.

I walked a mile with pleasure,  
Ere I chattered all the way,  
But left me none the wiser  
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with sorrow,  
And never a word said she—  
But, oh, the things I learned  
From her  
When sorrow walked with me!  
—Robert Browning Hamilton.

### THE NEED OF A NAVY.

We see before our eyes at this moment a great and populous empire, now a great and populous republic—China, which has suffered partial dismemberment purely because she has permitted herself to become impotent in war, so that she has no navy and not an adequate army. In consequence Russia, Japan, Germany, England and France now hold Chinese provinces, some of them themselves the size of empires. If the American people deliberately chose to follow in Chinese footsteps, doubtless some decades would pass before we should suffer to the extent of China, but long before that time had come we should have had to abandon all pretense of upholding the Monroe doctrine, we should have had to abandon Panama and Alaska and every insular possession, and we should have had to surrender all right to say what immigrants shall and what immigrants shall not be admitted to our country and the terms upon which they shall come here and become citizens or hold land. Let it be understood that every man who votes to stop building up the navy or stop fortifying the canal is voting to put us in a position where we cannot even resent insult, let alone ourselves insulting others with impunity. Let us remember that the policy of untying the unbridled tongue and the unbridled hand is a policy of criminal folly. The most dangerous of all positions for any nation is to be opulent, aggressive and unarmed. — Theodore Roosevelt.

### COMBINATIONS.

Combinations may exist for a good purpose, just as they may exist for a bad purpose, whether among business men, among farmers, among laborers, and, as regards all of them, our aim should be effectively to suppress combinations that work evil and also to favor those that do well, while nevertheless exercising over them such thoroughgoing control as to enable us to be sure that they in very fact do well alike to competitors, to wage workers and to the general public. If a corporation or a combination makes for efficiency we favor it, provided the benefits are shared with reasonable equality among the employers and capitalists, the workers and the general public. If, however, the so called efficiency represents merely profits for the employer obtained by exploiting the workmen or mistreating his rivals or swindling the general public, then our desire is not merely to stop the practices, but to punish those who take part in them. It is our aim to help legitimate business. We wish to see the business man prosper and make money, but unless he does prosper and make money he can neither permanently pay good wages to his employees nor permanently render good service to the public. — Colonel Roosevelt.

### FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

"Variety's the spice of life" and "Not much the worse for wear" were coined by Cowper. Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed." "Of two evils I have chosen the less" and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy.—Isaac Walton.

Only the actions of the just Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—James Shirley.

As the ancients Say wisely, Have a care of thy main chance And look before you leap, For as you sow ye are like to reap.

—Samuel Butler.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy, It is not safe to know.

—Sir William Davenant.

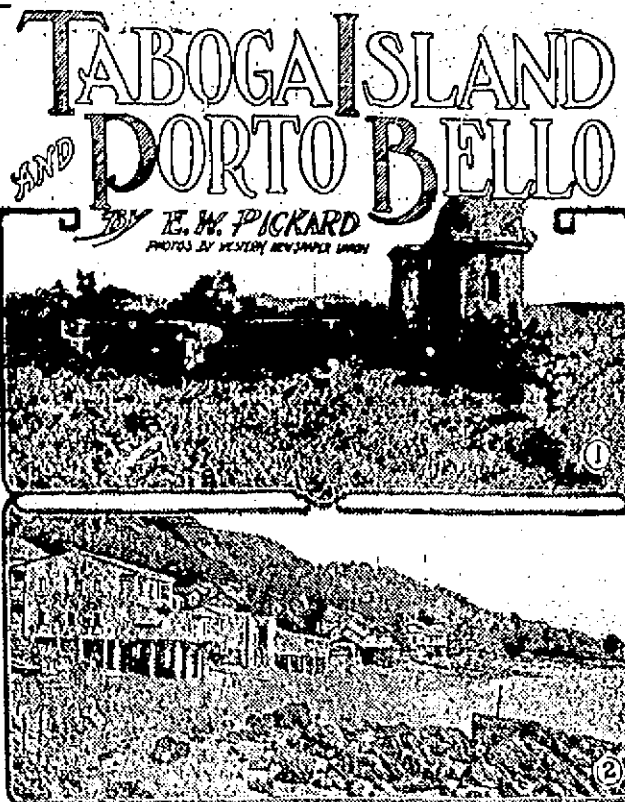
From ignorance our comfort flows.—Prior.

### Iodine.

Iodine acts as a healing remedy as well as a disinfectant and is especially helpful for wounds caused by rusty nails, etc.

### Our Many Mines.

Mines in the United States are numerous. There are about 6,500 coal mines, and there are a number of other mines in various parts of the country.



1—Remains of One of the Spanish Forts at Porto Bello. 2—Native Village on Taboga Island.

"Down verdure-clad slopes and terracing reaches Where orange and mango and pineapple grow, One wanders through Eden to ocean-washed beaches— An Eden that only the sun-children know."

Thus James S. Gilbert, the late lamented poet of Panama, wrote of Taboga Island. It was so enticing that I determined to be one of the sun-children for a day or two and so steamed away in a little launch twelve miles out into the Pacific to that beauty spot. It is all that Mr. Gilbert called it, and more, and it is no wonder that the capitolium, established there by the French canal company and recognized by the Americans, is so well patronized. If you are a canal employee—white—and have been ill, the doctor may be kind enough to send you over to Taboga for two weeks to recuperate. If you are a mere visitor you can put up at the opulent Little hotel conducted by William Jones, the American six-footer who looks like a miner and dances like a cotillion leader. In either case you will be fortunate, for you will find those "verdure-clad slopes" gorgeous with flowers and alive with brilliant birds, and the "ocean-washed beaches," the finest places in the world for a swim. You can sail about the pretty bays with the native fishermen, or you can climb up the hills where the boys are roosterously driving the kine home to be milked, or you can merely lie in the shade and dream dreams of the Spanish galleons and the buccaneers. A more delightful place for rest and the repair of shattered nerves would be hard to find.

Taboga has a history, too, small as it is. De Laigue, the second bishop of Panama, looked upon the island, saw that it was good and established there his country residence. In fact he maintained a household there the year round, for, like many another churchman of the old days, he did not adhere closely to the rule of celibacy. His memory is preserved by a bathing place in a stream that runs down the mountain side, called the Bishop's Pool. It was reserved for the use of him and his retinue. Above it is the Family Pool, for women and children, and still higher up is the Pool of the Letters, for the men. The last one derives its name from the inscription "J. F. B. Ohio" carved on a nearby rock. This is a reminder that in 1852 the Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., crossed the Isthmus en route for garrison duty in California, having sailed from New York on the United States mail steamer Ohio. Cholera was prevalent at the time in Panama and the American soldiers and the sailors from the Ohio were attacked by the disease, about eighty of them dying. Some of the sick were left on Taboga island to recover, and evidently one of them did recover sufficiently to climb up to the bathing pool and leave the record that is a mystery to the native inhabitants of this day. Incidentally U. S. Grant, then a captain, was with the Fourth Infantry on that trip.

If you climb up the hill, following this stream most of the way, you will come to a place at the summit of a pass called Las Cruces. There, set in cement, are three small crosses commemorating the most exciting incident in the island's history. According to a Spanish work written early in the last century, a shipload of Peruvian pirates came sailing up the coast in 1815 and decided Taboga was a good place to loot. They landed and drove the small Spanish garrison out of the village and up the mountain. But in the pass the soldiers rallied, the inhabitants came to their assistance and there, says the chronicler, a most bloody combat raged for hours. Finally the pirates were routed and fled to their ship, leaving three men dead on the field of battle!

The Isthmus rocks with history, some of the most interesting passages of which have to do with Porto Bello. But the visitor who goes there with mind full of the mighty fights and great trade of the old

Spanish days will be woefully disappointed by the town as it now is. Romance, commerce, everything attractive has fled long ago from that place and Porto Bello is nothing but a dirty, immoral little village, full of low cantinas, slatternly natives and mangy curs. At each side of the town is the ruin of a Spanish fort, its picturesque marred by fishermen's nets and the local washing hung up to dry.

Thus the work of man has decayed, but Nature is as kind as ever to Porto Bello. Its bottle-shaped harbor is one of the prettiest to be found, with promontories guarding the entrance, beautiful hills on both sides and entrancing little rivers meandering down from the mountains and through the jungle into its upper end. One hill opposite the town boasts the remains of three unusually interesting Spanish forts. One is at the water's edge, another several hundred yards up the slope, and these two were once connected by a covered stone stairway the ruins of which still provide the easiest means of ascending. On the summit of the hill is the third fort, a mighty square tower surrounded by a deep moat. The walls are almost intact but the roof has fallen in and the fortress is full of trees and shrubbery.

With these three forts, two others protecting the harbor entrance, the two at the ends of the town and another just above it, Porto Bello might well seem to have been impregnable, yet it was taken twice by the English. Sir Francis Drake planned to capture it in 1596, but just as his ships were about to begin the attack Drake died and was buried in the mouth of the harbor. Dispirited by the loss of their leader, the English sailed away, but Capt. William Parker took up the project in 1602. With two ships he got past the first forts at night and after a desperate fight captured and sacked the city, carrying off 10,000 guineas' worth of plunder.

The second taking of Porto Bello was the first notable exploit of Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, as an independent commander of a fleet. Sailing into what is now Colon harbor, he took his men up a river in canoes, landed at a place called Estero Longa Lemos, and marching through the jungle, attacked the city from the rear. First capturing the castle above the town, he shut the garrison in one room and blew them and the fort to pieces with gunpowder. The governor, the citizens and the rest of the soldiers, surprised and terror-stricken, were soon driven into one of the other forts and for hours they bravely withstood the assaults of the buccaneers until, as Esquemeling tells us, Captain Morgan began to despair of the whole success of the enterprise. Finally he had a number of ladders made and forced the priests and nuns whom he had captured to set them up against the walls. Many of these poor creatures were killed by the defenders, but at last the ladders were placed and the buccaneers swarmed up them carrying fireballs and pots of powder which they kindled and buried among the Spaniards. The garrison surrounded at discretion, but the gallant governor defended himself so obstinately that the English were forced to kill him. Morgan remained in Porto Bello several weeks, plundering the place and torturing the citizens to induce them to reveal the hiding places of their riches.

Though an important place in the transshipment of gold from the west coast of South America, Porto Bello never was a large town, but for several weeks each year it was very populous. This was at the time of the annual fair, when the galleons from Spain were in the harbor waiting for the mule trains to bring the gold from Panama. Then merchants and adventurers from all that part of the world gathered in the village and trade was brisk in the big building now called the custom house, whose ruined walls still are standing. Merchandising, drinking and fighting divided the time until the galleons set sail for Spain with their golden cargoes.

**Not Going to Waste It.**  
Yung Man (whispering to jeweler)—That engagement ring I bought of you yesterday?

Jeweler—What's the matter with it?

Yung Man (sighing)—Sh! It don't have a chance. Gimmus studs for it.

Bond, Don't you realize that marriage is a business? Benedict. O, yes, I realize it can be put that way, but "business" is the word I've always used.—London Tit-Bits.

### CHEAP LABOR PERIL.

Many large employers of labor would be delighted to have the federal government, through its treaty making power, hold down the bars and let in the alien. What would become of the American farmer if the great corporations of the country should enter the land market, buy all of the best lands of the country and then cultivate them with Mongolian, Chinese, Hindu, Japanese and other cheap alien labor? The rich and the powerful will have their fortunes vastly increased by having all barriers to cheap labor broken down. They know that the quickest and surest route is through the treaty making power, because they only deal first with one man, the president, and one body, two-thirds of the senate. —Representative Sisson of Mississippi.

### WHAT COUNTS.

It isn't the brains a man has in his head,  
Or the skill that he has in his hand,  
It isn't the books he has studied or read,  
Or his fortune in money or land,  
That makes a man likable, lovable here,  
For many a miser is smart,  
It's not what a brother can do we hold dear,  
But just what he is in his heart.

It isn't the wonderful heights he has scaled,  
It isn't the medals he wears,  
It isn't the fact that by many he's hailed,  
With applause for the deeds that he dares,  
That makes a man welcome wherever he goes,  
A leader, unmourned, may depart,  
For the thing men revere isn't glory that shows,  
But the glory that's hid in the heart.

—Edgar A. Guest.

### THE INCOME TAX.

I regard as most dangerous at the present time the disposition of legislative bodies to pass laws which are calculated to produce classes. I think, for instance, the proposition to assess the incomes of men who are receiving more than \$4,000 and to exempt the incomes of those who receive less is one of the worst things that have ever happened in this country, because it immediately arrays 97 per cent of the people against 3 per cent. I have no objection to an income tax when and as needed. I have nothing to say against an income tax as a principle. But to make 97 per cent of the people interested in favor of an income tax which exempts them and which compels the 3 per cent to pay these large sums of money is a very large mistake. I cannot look upon it except as the beginning of forcible distribution of wealth, however honestly acquired.—Judge E. H. Gary.

### HAPPINESS.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.—George Eliot.

Happiness consists in activity. It is a running stream and not a stagnant pool.—J. M. Good.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—Longfellow.

All who would win joy must show it. Happiness was born a twin.—Byron.

Consider pleasures as they depart, not as they come.—Aristotle.

### BYRON ON LOVE.

Farewell! If ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal availed on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But wait thy name beyond the sky.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Alas, our young affections run to waste  
Or water but the desert.

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,  
A spark of that immortal fire,  
With angels shared, by Allah given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.

She was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.

Oh, lovely woman, do not frown  
Your way is surely right.  
Vote, if you will, but please put down  
That can of dynamite.

—Washington Star.

Mantel—I had no idea that Backs was worth more than ten millions.  
Dunlop—He wasn't until the government dissolved his trust.—Brooklyn Life.

### DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Schumann-Hellik is now raising oranges near San Diego, Cal.

Mrs. John Huxley, an active lady of ninety years, recently traveled alone from Florida to New Hampshire.

Mrs. Hatoyma, a Japanese woman who was educated in this country, states in an eastern paper that Japan has no old maids and therefore no suffrage question.

Miss Nellie O'Farrell of San Francisco, who has gained considerable notice as the first woman wireless operator in the world, has retired from the operators' field. She was married recently.

Miss Hattie M. Taggett, said to be the first woman in the United States appointed to the position of lookout at a forest reserve station, lives in Esikyou county, Cal. She has been placed in charge of Eddy's gulch lookout, situated on a peak of the Salmon Alps, 9,000 feet high. Her duty is to keep a lookout for fires and report to the nearest forest station.

### Ancient Cities.

Jerusalem in the days of Solomon probably did not contain 20,000 people. Constantinople at the time of its greatest splendor as capital of the eastern empire had a population of about 1,500,000.

Babylon, whose name has come to be synonymous with dense population, never had over 1,200,000 inhabitants in its palmiest days.

Rome, the mistress of the world, the great city to which all roads led, "Rome the Eternal," did not exceed 2,000,000 in population. Gibbon, indeed, believes that it had only 1,200,000.

Athens when she led the Greek states in repelling the invasion of Xerxes had only 30,000 inhabitants, but Herodotus speaks of this number as if it was something to boast of.

### Flippant Flings.

Congress has had a special prayer book printed for its own use. We know of no institution that needs one more.—Boston Transcript.

A woman writer says that in ninety cases out of a hundred a man's vulnerable spot is his vanity. Who is the traitor that has been giving us away?—Cleveland Leader.

It is announced by a French scientist that man is descended from the frog. This is terrible. Think of the number of Frenchmen who will be worried when it occurs to them that they have eaten their grandfather!—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Suffragette Skirts.

Having seen a picture of the new suffragette skirt, it is our notion that it brings the waist line into too close proximity with the lower deck of a double chin to be an artistic success.—Toledo Blade.

The newest importation from Paris is a skirt having two pockets, one of which is a dummy with hooks. One gets into the skirt through this pocket. Therefore women have got into their clothes through their husbands' pockets, and this may explain why the new garment is called "the suffragette skirt."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Town Topics.

New York has inaugurated church services on the tops of skyscrapers. That's getting nearer heaven.—Boston Transcript.

Kaunas wants to know what to do with 1,200 abandoned churches. In Cleveland they are useful as garages and roadhouse houses.—Cleveland Leader.

Chicago's health department advises citizens to keep their temper in hot weather, that being about the only thing that the pickpockets and burglars there can't steal.—Detroit Free Press.

### Aerial Flights.

The aeroplane yet remains a dangerous plaything.—Baltimore American.

Cody promises to hurdle the Atlantic in an airship in twenty hours without sleeping. Last fellow who tried it got his feet wet.—New York American.

Still another German dirigible has encountered a squall to its own great disadvantage. All that stands in the way of making the dirigible airship an assured commercial proposition is the unfortunate liking for play the wild has for huge balloons that are lighter than air.—New York World.

### Three Strikes.

How Joe Tinker hates to beat the Cubs!—Chicago Tribune.

Ignorance of baseball achieves its supreme manifestation in the grand stand.—Philadelphia Ledger.

One hideous injustice of the silly season is that everybody can get away with an alibi except a baseball team.—Cleveland Leader.

### Facts From France.

The fire department of Paris is ordered direct control of the war minister. Every day Oyonnax, France, produces 15,000 to 18,000 pounds of celloloid combs.

France has spent \$35,000,000 in planting trees on the watersheds of important streams.

With the object of mitigating the floods on the river Seine and improving industrial communication, \$25,500,000 is to be expended in Paris, with some aid from the state.

Spots on the Nails.  
A paste made of equal parts of the yolk of an egg and applied to the white spots on finger nails will prevent them from developing.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**



## The Torpedo Station.

(Providence Tribune.)

The recent visit of the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, to Newport, has served, once again, to call attention to the importance of the Naval Torpedo Station. Many of the visitors to Rhode Island, and the capital have visited the Navy Yard and the Naval Training Station. But few have seen the privilege of entering the torpedo station on Goat Island, where the most intricate problems in Naval warfare, except in seamanship, are solved.

The torpedo station occupies a narrow strip of land extending opposite to and along the entire water front of Newport, and is divided into the main and the outer harbor. It is important as a place of defense to the town, and since 1702 and until it was occupied as a torpedo station it contained a fort which at times was fully garrisoned.

Shortly after the Civil War, Admiral Porter conceived the idea of establishing a torpedo school, where the officers of the Navy could be instructed in the manufacture and use of torpedoes. In 1871 he was succeeded by Admiral Case, the then Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance.

Commander E. O. Matthews, who within a short time was promoted to Rear Admiral, was selected to found the proposed institution and was ordered June 6, 1889, to the Bureau of Navigation as Director of the torpedo corps. During the following summer he was directed to select a suitable place for headquarters, and it was finally determined to establish the station at Goat Island which needed only to be transferred from the War to the Navy Department.

## GROWTH OF STATION.

In the following September Commander Matthews took possession and commenced the construction of the necessary buildings. The old frame building which had been used by the Naval Academy was converted for the time being into a machine shop and the old barracks, now the commandant's quarters, were fitted for offices and a temporary manufacturing laboratory.

In the following Spring the tug General was ordered to the station for general use, several additional officers had been ordered there for duty, a chemist employed and during the Summer the manufacture of nitro glycerin was commenced.

In 1871 and 1872 four small cottages were built for the use of the officers, the commandant having headquarters fitted up for him in the old barracks building and in the latter year the machine shop was started, being fitted by the following Spring. In 1872 the late Moses G. Farmer was secured as electrician and instructor in electricity. The first class for instruction was ordered to the station on Nov. 1, 1870, remaining until the following April, and classes were thereafter ordered to the station each succeeding year.

Commander Matthews was relieved of the command July 1, 1873, by Capt. Edward Simpson. During the Summer of 1874 the electrical laboratory was built and at this time a change was made in the time for which the classes were ordered for duty at the station, the classes thereafter reporting in July and continuing there four months. Capt. Simpson was succeeded in June, 1875, by Capt. K. R. Biese, and he in 1878 by Capt. F. M. Ramsey. Capt. Ramsey was followed in 1881 by Capt. T. O. Helridge, who was in command four years, and who was himself succeeded by the Commander William T. Sampson, the commander of the American Naval forces in Cuban waters in 1895. In 1880 Commander Gaspar F. Goodrich took command, served three years and was succeeded in 1893 by Commander G. A. Converse, who also served four years.

## CHANGING CHARACTER OF WORK.

The character of the work at the station has changed materially as it has developed. The original intention was to have merely a school in torpedo work for the officers of the Navy; it has become one of the most important adjuncts of the Navy, but not entirely in the line laid out by its founders.

It is now no longer merely a school for the instruction in the manufacture and handling of torpedoes, but a place where the most intricate problems in Naval warfare, except in seamanship, are solved, and where the advantages and disadvantages of the inventions are developed. Until within a few years classes of officers were ordered to the station every Summer to learn the rudiments of torpedo work, the construction, fitting and discharging of torpedoes, the manufacture and use of gun cotton and other high explosives and other special lines of work.

Many of these officers returned later for further study, and a few became instructors in the station. In 1891 the last officer class was sent to the station and now the only instruction is for the senior gunners.

These young men, selected mostly from the Naval apprentices on account of their special aptitude for the work, are first given six months' course in ordnance at the gun foundry in Washington and then come to the torpedo station, from 15 to 20 at a time for instruction in diving, torpedo assembling, electrical, torpedo and searchlight work, in preparation for service on shipboard in the care of the complicated modern guns, searchlights and electrical machinery.

At the station many of the American invented automobile torpedoes have been developed and put on trial, and the most successful have proven their advantages at the hands of the station officers. The use of the spar torpedo was also developed there and finally discarded as unserviceable in modern warfare.

The manufacture of gun cotton for torpedo service and for use in the construction of the smokeless powder has been developed, and is now one of the most important branches of the work at the station. Many mechanical and electrical devices acknowledged to be invaluable on modern warships were invented by officers located at the station and were thoroughly tested there. The Navy's small arm supplied to the ships and stations were tried under the direction of the torpedo corps, the data for their trials having been prepared at the torpedo station on Goat Island.

## EXCELLENT PLANT.

There have been many developments at the station during the past few years. The building up of the excellent plant was completed during the time Commander Converse was in charge of the station. When he took command much of the work now done at the station was done elsewhere. Torpedoes were being shipped there to the various stations and fitted on shipboard at the various Naval stations. Now that the work has increased to such an extent that all the material in the rough is prepared at Goat Island and the finished article is

placed on the ship in much less time and in better condition than ever before.

Some years ago the machine work on electric primers, used in discharging torpedoes, was done in Washington, the filling only being done at the torpedo station. But now the entire work, the making of the primers, the filling of the shells and the electrical fitting, is completed at Newport. The entire electrical equipment—the construction and testing of the dry batteries, the cables and connections—is all executed at the station, so that when a ship reaches Newport for its torpedo outfit the machinists are prepared to go aboard, make all the attachments and install the outfit in a manner far in advance of that in which it was formerly done.

The men are able to do much of the special machine work for lighter ordnance—the retooling of barrels for torpedo boats and the fitting up of the barrels in the smaller boats, work which had required the sending of the boats to the larger Navy Yards where less satisfactory results were obtained and a much longer time was required for its accomplishment.

## CHEMIST'S DEPARTMENT.

When the trials for the selection of a small arm for the Navy were in progress all the tests for ascertaining the weight of the cartridges, the bore of the rifle and the weight of the projectile were made at the station and the competitive trials were also conducted there. A most complete record of torpedo data has been worked out and the station is supplied with more thorough information on this subject than any of the Naval Powers, although the United States is younger in torpedo practice.

The chemist's department, like the others, is recognized as an important feature of the station, and its representatives are called upon to investigate almost every possible occurrence in the Navy, out of the ordinary, and have been of assistance in many ways. Searchlight practice as applied to torpedo attack has received its only real study in our Navy in Narragansett Bay, under the torpedo station officers. In fact, the torpedo station is expected to give expert testimony and reports of every sort in the Navy, except in the matter of seamanship. No place connected with the Navy can duplicate the work which is being done there. The development of the gun cotton manufacture has also been one of the most important features of the work in recent years.

The six buildings which took the place of the old factory which was burned nearly 20 years ago are located on a broad plateau on the western side of the island, with high earth barricades separating them from the other buildings and from each other, to prevent the spreading of fire should a blaze be started in one of them.

In each building each part of the work is done and the several buildings are connected with a railway upon which the material is carried from one to another. Here much of the smokeless powder used in the Navy is manufactured, the gun cotton made there being used almost exclusively for the powder.

## Everybody Lucky.

An old farmer in Missouri called at a roadside public house where he was well known. The landlady asked him to buy a ticket for a lottery they had on there.

"Well," he said, "I have nothing in my pocket, or I might."

"Oh, that's all right, John," she said, "take the ticket and pay for it any time."

Some time later John called again, and the landlady asked him if he knew who had won the lottery.

"No," he said, "who won?"

"Well, I hardly dare tell you, but our Sam won. Wasn't he lucky?"

"Yes," said John, "he was lucky. And who was second then?"

"I don't hardly tell you. Who would I think now?"

"I couldn't say," said John.

"Well, it was our Sally. Wasn't she lucky?"

"And who was third?"

"Well," she said, "you would never guess, and I might as well tell. I was third. Wasn't I lucky?"

"You were," he said. Did I ever pay you for that ticket, Missus?"

"No, John, you didn't," she said, frowning upon him.

"Well," said John, "ain't I lucky?"

—Country Gentleman.

## It Looked That Way.

They were speaking of modern woman and her follies the other day when Congressman Wrist Aiken of South Carolina, smilingly observed that he was reminded of a marriage proposal in his home state.

John Henry called on Martha one evening, and telling her that she was sweeter than any girl who ever worked in a candy factory, and said he would like to have her visiting cards changed to Mrs. J. H.

"Do you really and truly love me, John?" she tenderly asked, looking at him with her beautiful brown eyes.

"Better than anything else on earth," little John, eloquently replied the enamored J. Henry. "Have you any reason to doubt it?"

"I don't know, John," softly sighed the dear one. "Wouldn't you go through fire and water for me?"

"Look here, Martha Jane," demanded John Henry, with a scornful glance at the girl, "are you one of those militant suffragettes?"

## Her Preference.

"In Nebraska some time ago," said the congressman, "two young ladies met after a separation of more than a year."

"Yes, I have secured a position," said one in response to a query of the other. "I am now teaching school."

"Teaching school?" exclaimed the second, with a large look of surprise. "You don't really mean it? Why, I would rather marry a soft, fat, bald-headed widower with eight children than teach school."

"Yes," replied the first with something akin to a soulful sigh, "and so would I."

Customer (to watchmaker)—I told you that my watch lost half an hour every day, and now that you've repaired it it gains half an hour. Watchmaker—Well, don't complain. It's only working to catch up lost time.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Greenville.

**Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

## Apples in New England.

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

Two or three years ago a man bought a farm not far from Boston on which there were about 400 Baldwin apple trees. They were about 25 years old, and had been conscientiously neglected. They were in bad condition, and the owner debated whether he would try to have them doctored up or cut them down. He was strongly inclined for the axe, but he relented enough to consult a tree doctor as to the initial cost for necessary surgery and tools. The tree man said about \$700 to start. The owner declared for the axe. But there was a bit of parley, and at length, to a spirit of bravado, the owner offered the tree man all the first crop of apples after treatment and half of the two succeeding crops, in lieu of a fee in cash. The tree man accepted. He put about \$800 into the orchard at once. It was April. He split about 1,000 barrels of No. 1 apples that fall, filled the owner's cellar with seconds, made a lot of cider, and had all the apples his first could use, beside giving away many lots. He got back about two dollars for every one he spent, and had two half years' crop coming to him. He turned the orchard back to the owner, having demonstrated what proper treatment will do for neglected New England orchards.

This is a sample. I could go on and fill a page with just such stories, all true, and all verifiable from data I have on file. And then I would not have begun to tell the tale about the apple possibilities of New England. The West or the Northwest have nothing that can compare with the possibilities of New England—the proved, demonstrated possibilities—in the way of apple raising.

There is a reason. It is the land and the climate. God made New England the potential orchard of the world. The men of New England are beginning to realize what riches there are in the rocky yet fertile that have been hitherto have been at a few dollars per acre. The scientific reasons have been stated by the Department of Agriculture, and by many experts. I have not space to go into the matter, except to say that it is the rocks of New England that make the apple land. The rocks have made nearly all of the New England land. But little of it has come from other sections through the agency of water. But little of it has been blown from other regions by the winds. It has been slowly formed by the disintegration of the bottom rock formation that underlies New England. That rock has the chemicals that are necessary for good apple culture. Therefore the native soil of most New England sections has in it the essential salts and chemicals that must be present in the best apples. The rest is easy. It is easy to supply the humus to make the trees grow. It is not practicable to supply the chemicals to the soil.

Thus it happens that while the famous apple regions of the West and Northwest produce beautiful apples, and apples having a fine flavor of their own, they cannot grow the New England flavor and character. The best apple that the West can produce cannot compare with the best New England apple. That is a truism that does not have to be argued. The New England Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Roxbury Russet, Hubbardston, Nonesuch, Old Nonesuch, Spy, Porter, Gravenstein, Yellow Bellflower, Red Astrakhan, and a dozen others that can be mentioned, do not come out of the West.

In New England also the crops far exceed those of the West. The trees are larger, and it is a fact that they bear barrels to pecks from the western trees. I remember a famous apple grower from the Middle West once told me, with great pride, that his trees averaged a bushel each. He said: "How small that quantity seems to us New Englanders who have been reaping our apple crops in terms of barrels per tree. And in New England the trees live and bear for a hundred years, if they have any kind of care, and many thousands have lived to that age, or longer, and borne good fruit every other year, that have had no care at all—just have not been cut down and burned in the kitchen stoves. The western apple tree has a very limited life, in comparison."

But "the proof of the pudding is in the chewing the string," as they say in the New England classics, so let us see what has been done, by citing a few experiences. I won't give the names or towns, but I have them, every one, and can produce them if necessary. Your real New England farmer does not care to talk about his farm, and what he does on and with it, but he hates to be pointed out in print. Facts are pretty good arguments. It is what the land really does, rather than what it may be supposed to be capable of doing that establishes the standing of a section, for apples, potatoes, wheat, cattle, hog, or anything else.

Let us say, right here, that no one in New England is so foolish as to claim or think that there is not a lot of good apple land in other states—to New York, the Middle States, some parts of the South, etc. But they do not raise New England apples anywhere but in New England, and there is no other section where the possible profit is as large. Land values are very low in New England, and transportation is cheap. A lot of apples from the farthest point in New England to market could realize \$30, while from Oregon to market it costs about ten times that sum. In New England the good money for apples is now coming from renovated orchards rescued from poverty by a little common-sense and cash. The state of Maine bought a farm with 8,000 apple trees. The first year's crop was 90 barrels. Eight hundred trees were cut down, and in 1912, three years after the purchase, the crop of apples totaled 8,200 barrels. At the Boston fruit show last year one man showed 11 barrels of apples from one 20-year-old tree. Another man showed 85 pounds from a 7-year-old tree (equivalent to a pound of two bushels, and twice the average yield of the big Kansas orchards). Another showed 129 pounds from a 9-year-old tree, while another showed 7,505 apples for a 15-year-old tree—much apples have been nearly or quite 20 barrels.

A Massachusetts man had a lot of high, woody Baldwin trees in his pasture, yielding but little fruit, and that little poor. He got an "aggy" man to tell him what to do, spent \$50 in pruning, but not a cent for fertilizers or spraying, and the second year sold 850 barrels and netted \$1,500. A Vermont man gets 6,000 barrels of Rhode Island Greenings off of 100 acres, and sells them for better than \$20,000. He has refuted \$50,000 for his farm and no wonder. But Rhode Island man goes Vermont several better, so far as money is concerned, as he gets 2,000 barrels of Greenings off of 40 acres, and sells them for from \$8 to \$8 per barrel. He has a cold-storage plant and keeps

his apples for the top-notch market. A Maine man bought a near abandoned farm for \$850 and in two years sold one apple crop for \$2,000. These trees were in the pasture, and were not considered as worth anything. A New Hampshire man, with 553 trees sold \$8,000 worth of apples during three years, practically all of this owing to pruning and spraying the trees in an old orchard. A Maine man took hold of a tree over 100 years old, 20 feet in circumference, pruned, sprayed and waited it, and gets 20 barrels of fine fruit from it. A Rhode Island farm rented for \$325 a year, and the tenant gave it up because he could not afford to pay the rent. Another man took it, and sells his apple crop, on the trees, for three times the former rent.

A man bought a Vermont farm with a 100-acre orchard, with about \$3,000 worth of trees. This was a "fancy" farm, reckoned worth \$30,000. The new owner quickly made it earn big interest on five times that valuation, and within a few years of buying had refused \$100,000 for it. This reminds me of the more or less well known Connecticut man who is said to have refused a million for his farm, off which he annually takes a gross income of about \$85,000. One of his crops is apples; the others are sheep (or rather lambs), hay and peaches. A man in central Massachusetts, who has been a peach specialist, has gone into apples. When his 60-acre orchard was 7 years old he got \$8,000 for the fruit, some of the trees yielding four barrels. This is a very "fancy" story, but it is strictly true, touched for by one of the Ambrose "Aggy" professors. The apples were fancy varieties, and packed and sold as fancy fruit. A Vermont man came into possession of an orchard 50 years old, on a rocky hillside that had never been plowed. Pruning and spraying brought the yield up to \$10,000 bushels of perfect fruit, over 90 per cent. No. 1 stock, that was sold in New York for more than \$12,000.

In Massachusetts a couple of years ago there was a contest for the best acre of apples, and the winner showed 227 barrels that sold for \$715, with a net profit of \$520. There is plenty of land in New England as good as this for apples that can be bought for \$100 an acre; yes, there is plenty that can be bought for \$100 an acre; yes, there is plenty that can be bought for \$25 an acre. I know one farm, almost abandoned, that is one of the very best natural fruit farms in the whole of New England that can be bought for a very small sum. It would make an ever-giving young man rich in twenty years.

## A Learned Verdict.

The railroad train was rather dimly lit and one of the passengers after having tried in vain to inspect his face in the washroom mirror, turned to Russell, the presiding genius of the Pullman car.

"See here, Russell," he said, "I want your opinion in a matter of importance. Just come with me over to the window, and, after having carefully inspected my face, tell me whether or not you think I need a shave."

The old darkey complied with his request and immediately rendered judgment.

"Well, sub," he said, with his head cocked to one side, "in respect to de shave, sah, an' should say that it all depends on what yo' intend doin' with yo' chin, sah. If yo' want ter gwine off to de train to see yo' chin fo' talkin' yo' don't need no shavin' at all, best, but if yo' gwine a-courtin' yo' best get, sah, an' sorter think an' remove some o' dem split hairs from yo' chin an' yo' cheek befo' day done scratch somebody, sah."—Harper's Weekly.

## Asking a Favor.

"Can I bellow my eyes!" exclaimed Mr. Timkins as he confronted the burglar. Mr. Timkins had been sent down in the middle of the night to investigate a strange noise, which proved to be the family silver in process of packing up.

The burglar reached for his gun, but Mr. Timkins grabbed the hand instead.

"Don't," he said, giving the hand a cordial shake, "you don't know how much I'm interested in you. Stay awhile: I want you to meet Mrs. Timkins."

"While you're calling a cop! Not on your life!" retorted the burglar.

"No," said Mr. Timkins. "I just want you to stay while I call my wife. She's dead you at work every night for 20 years, and I think is the first chance she's ever had to see you!"—New York Evening Post.

## Worked the Other Way.

A very old Irishman one day attended a friend by announcing he was about to get married.

"Married?" exclaimed his friend.

"An old man like you!"

"Well, ye see," the old man explained, "it's just because I'm getting an old boy now." "Is a future thing, Pat, to have a wife near ye to close the eyes of ye when ye comes to the end."

"Arrah, now, ye could fule!" exclaimed Pat, "don't be so foolish. What do you know about it. Close your eyes, indeed. I've have had a couple o' thim an' faith, they both o' them opened mine."—Pittsburgh Post.

## Needless Alarm.

An old German farmer entered the office of a wholesale druggist one morning and addressed the proprietor.

"Mister Becker, I hat de schmalpox."

"Merciful heavens, Mr. Jacobs," exclaimed Becker, as the office force scrambled over each other in their hurry to get out, "don't come any nearer!"

"Vo'r der madder mit you fellers, anyhow!" quietly replied Jacobs, "I say I hafe der schmalpox der Becker out in his wagon vor der Mrs. Becker last week already."

## Wonderful Clairvoyancy.

A negro, having won a dollar at a crap game, decided to spend it on having his fortune told. The fortune teller led him into a gloomy room with dirty hangings and misty red lights. She took his palm, traced it with a dollar, spread out her cards, and then said:

"You are very fond of music; you like chicken; you have won money at craps, and you have been in jail."

"Mah goodness, lady; why you jest read mah most thoughts!"

Bix-Jones says he gives employment to a large number of men.

Dix—So he does—other people's collectors.

Truth is not stranger than this fact that some fiction is published.

## President Howard Elliott.

Mr. Howard Elliott, President-elect of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, who is to assume his duties on September 1st, at an address to the Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the Road, held at New Haven on August 22, said:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Stockholders of The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company: I am not yet an officer of your Company, although I was elected a director a few weeks ago pending the time when I will become your officer and your servant.

"On and after September first I shall come to New Haven and take off my coat and go to work. I shall endeavor to perfect an organization, if one does not already exist, that will attend closely to all the details that are so important to you as owners and to the public that the railroad serves. Little matters such as those mentioned by our good friend Mr. Davis should be attended to, and yet you probably do not realize the enormous amount of detail connected with a road the size of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The engines of the New Haven Road every day run 120,000 miles, or five times around the earth. It means a great deal of attention to have every little detail attended to, but we will try to do it and we will try to see that the soap is placed up and either sold, or, as is sometimes the case, it is cheaper to bury it rather than to pay the labor cost of moving it.

"I listened with great interest to what Mr. Hiller said about the stockholders. I am told there are nearly twenty-five thousand stockholders of company and they have a duty and they can exert as influences themselves to help the management of this company, because directors and officers of late years have not been in trying to do their duty to the owners and to the public. We have had to meet rate reductions; we have had to meet increased cost of labor, increased cost of material, and demands from a luxurious people for better facilities. All of that has created a problem that is most difficult to solve because there are only one hundred cents in a railroad dollar, just the same as in any other dollar. But it will be my aim to see that every dollar received into this company's treasury, whether from earnings for service performed, or from advances by stockholders, or from loans from others is expended with the greatest care, with the greatest prudence, and that the railroad will be managed solely with the idea of economy and efficiency as to safeguard your interests, not only now but in the future, because the railroad has got to go on forever; and if it should happen that in trying to protect your future there is some disturbance for the present, that is something to be patient about.

"The stockholders can do great deal of good, each one of them, in their own circle, in trying to present to their legislators, to their members of congress, to members of commissions and to all who go to work to make the different laws under which the railroad is trying to operate—the stockholders can do good by pointing out that there are two sides to any question and that the side of the stockholders must not be lost sight of in considering the question and in making demands upon the railroad that the officers and directors are most anxious to meet if they can; but they are torn between the force of trying to protect the stockholders and trying to give the public what they need and should have. But you can do much good by using your influence, each one of you, in your circle to point out both sides of this question.

"I am very glad—although I am not an officer of this company—to have had the chance to say these few words and I can assure you that at the next meeting of the stockholders, held sometime in October, if there is not a room large enough in the New Haven offices to receive you, you will find one somewhere, where you can say what you want and where the officers of the company will try to tell you to the best of their ability what you desire to know. I thank you very much."

## Subtraction.

The teacher was hearing the youthful class in mathematics.

"Now," he said, "in order to subtract, things have to be in the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three pears from five peaches, nor eight horses from 16 cents. Do you understand?"

"There was assent from the majority of pupils. One little boy in the rear raised a timid hand.

"Well, Bobby, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, teacher," said Bobby, "couldn't you take three quarters of milk from two cows?"—New York Evening Post.

Miss Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once for a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children's Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no pain like that of teething. It cures diarrhoea, cures the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, soothes the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children's teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906, serial number 1135.

Whisper to yourself when you have occasion to speak of others' faults.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

To all who suffer from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

The diplomatic tact dweller calls the janitor the superintendent.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be for they make her feel like a different person. They will say, and their husbands say so, too.

Migraines seems to be troubled with chronic indigestion.

To all who suffer from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and to the point. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1913.

NOTES.

An Interesting Letter from an Active Participant.

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.—The following letter was written by Capt. William V. Taylor, of Newport, R. I., who was sailing with the Perry's Victory. Written only about a month after the battle, the description is particularly valuable to students of that period. Capt. Taylor was the father of Capt. William Rogers Taylor, also of Newport. The letter was written to Capt. Taylor's brother Stephen, and the initials are still in the hands of his descendants. In Middleboro, Mass., who kindly copied it for the archives of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.

DEAR STEPHEN—I have received your welcome letter from Newport and have observed with pleasure that you have with true brotherly affection, kindly excused me for my neglect, although it was in some measure correct, for since I have been on this station all my time has been devoted to "public service," not only from inclination, but in a great measure from necessity, as we have had few officers on the station and many of them very young and consequently the duty fell very heavy on me.

You wish a correct statement of the battle. At daylight on the 10th Sept. at anchor in Put-In-Bay we saw the British Squadron working to windward and toward us. We made the signal immediately to get under way, which was promptly complied with. We took advantage of the wind and turned out to windward of Snake Island to gain the weather gauge. At about 9 a. m. we were away the island, bore up to run for the enemy. Wyandott, they observing we had gained the wind of them, doubled up their [word illegible] top G sails and most gallantly waited our approach in line of battle, confident of success as they have since stated. Just before the action commenced Capt. Perry produced a flag with these emphatic words on it in capital letters—DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP, the dying words of the brave Lawrence, and asked the men if he hoisted it would they support it, they answered him with three rousing cheers. At 15 minutes before 12 they commenced firing at us from the Detroit a blue new ship mounting long 24's, 18's, & 12's. As our cannonade would not take effect at this distance we endeavored to close with them as quickly as possible. At 12 opened our broadside on them, we being the leading vessel, and flagship. They were determined as they have since said to sink us, they nearly accomplished their purpose for when within short distance they opened a most tremendous and destructive fire on us from all their best vessels. We sustained their fire 2½ hours, the Lawrence too holed for description, nearly the whole crew officers all prostrated on the deck, intermixed with broken spars, rigging, sails and in fact one confused heap of horrors. Some of the guns were dismounted and mounted 6 times in action and some of the guns were used three different times in action.

Capt. Perry finding he could not fire another gun or annoy the enemy in any shape from the Lawrence, he determined to leave her. He took down his private flag and bore it triumphantly to the Niagara amid showers of round, grape, canister & musketry. I say triumphantly, for he must have been conscious no vessel recorded in the annals of naval history ever was fought better or more obstinately defended, few indeed remaining unharmed, & those few employed about the magazine & cockpit. When Capt. Perry got on board the Niagara, she had not a man either killed or wounded. He immediately made sail and carried his flag to action, directing Capt. Elliot to bring up the small vessels & then indeed it was a proud moment for an American to see our gallant commander breaking through the enemy's line and forcing our proud foe to yield to American skill & bravery. Not a vessel escaped to tell the tale. I had forgot to inform you that shortly after Capt. Perry got on board the Niagara we on board the Lawrence finding that we could not make any resistance to the enemy, fire still galling, we concluded from principles of humanity to haul down our colors & save the little remnant of our brave crew. Why we suffered so much and the Niagara & several other vessels so little or none will be a subject for your private ear, suffice it to say that it was a proud day for Rhode Island. Lt. Turner, a brother of the Doctor's, as enabled to get his vessel into action although one of the dullest in the fleet. I had rather fight the best frigate in the British army the same length of time with the Lawrence than to fight the same battle over again. The British mounted 10 guns more than we & had 200 men more. I can say that I have been in one of the hardest battles ever fought on the water.

The land about this country is becoming valuable, it is certainly a rich soil & from wild land to cleared farms it can be purchased from 2 dollars to 12 per acre & the best informed people say that it will double in value in 5 years. The country is full of mill streams, Pittsburg is becoming an immense place for its many local advantages, two rich rivers water the town & forming the Ohio at the lower part of the place, this inexhaustible supply surrounding the town, property has risen from \$300 to \$2000 in fifteen years. It is a manufacturing place & supplies all the western country. I shall be at home ere long & can give

you more information. Give my love to Sally & Wm., Mary and Jonathan Card, Susan & Hannah Weaver & all our relations and believe me to be in reality,  
Y. or Brother  
Wm. V. TAYLOR.

HULL—Family Record taken from Meribath Hull's Bible (Burdick).  
BIRTHS.  
Jonathan Burdick son of Simon and Isabel Burdick of Westerly was born Sept. 28, 1767.  
Susanna wife of Jonathan and daughter of Ichabod and Bathsheba Burdick of Charlestown was born Nov. 8, 1769.  
Stephen Burdick, their first son was born April 18, 1769.  
Adam Burdick, their second son was born Jan. 16, 1771.  
Bathsheba Burdick, their first daughter was born Feb. 27, 1773.  
Isabel Burdick, their second daughter was born July 5, 1775.  
Elias P. Burdick, their third son was born Aug. 7, 1777.  
Ray Burdick, their fourth son was born March 18, 1800.  
Maria Burdick, their third daughter was born March 7, 1802.  
Jonathan T. Burdick, their fifth son was born Nov. 16, 1803.  
Eliza Burdick, their fourth daughter was born Sept. 11, 1805.  
Susan Burdick, their fifth daughter was born July 24, 1807.  
Lydia Burdick, their sixth daughter was born Feb. 16, 1811.

MARRIAGES  
Stephen Burdick was married to Meribath Hull, October 18, 1810.

STEPHEN BURDICK FAMILY.

BIRTHS  
Meribath Burdick wife of Stephen Burdick and daughter of Samuel and Mary Hull was born March 16, 1759.  
1. Mary Burdick their daughter was born Sept. 20, 1811.  
2. Hannah Burdick their daughter was born July 16, 1818.  
3. Abigail Burdick their daughter was born Jan. 25, 1816.  
4. Stephen Saunders Burdick their son was born Dec. 22, 1818.  
Hannah Hull second wife of Samuel died May 23, 1788 (50 yrs. old).  
Samuel Hull married to third wife Mary Doekry, Dec. 27, 1787.  
Mary Milkey born Jan. 19, 1751.  
Hannah Hull died 11th of Sept. 1708.  
Gideon Hull died Sept. 18, 1797.  
Samuel Hull died Aug. 1, 1814.  
Geo. Fitch married Sarah Lullbridge Sept. 2, 1720 at Newport.  
Nouis Fitch born May 15, 1724.  
Phebe Fitch born Oct. 22, 1725.  
Phebe died March 16, 1807, evidently married someone by name of Dunn etc.  
Geo. Fitch married Sarah Peabody widow of William Peabody daughter Nathaniel Sheffield.—N. F. O.

Queries.

7413. COOK—Mary Cook, born 1678; married 1699, James Barker, of Newport, R. I. Who were her parents?—N. C.

7444. HALL—Zuriah Hall, Portsmouth, R. I., died 1691, leaving widow Elizabeth. Who were her parents?—C. M.

7445. DODDS—Isaac Dotts, Kittery, Maine, died about 1678, leaving widow Elizabeth. Who were parents of both?—J. L.

7446. ADAMS—Mary Adams, married 1646, George Falcoucks of Medford, Mass. Who were her parents?—H. B.

7447. ARNOLD—Stephen Arnold, of Capt. Edward, of Cranston, and Rhoda Rice, of Capt. Randall, of Warwick; married by Roger Bacon, of Justice, Mar. 6, 1760 (Warwick Records). I would like the ancestry of this Stephen Arnold. He was a first settler in Cranston, Vt., as was also Oliver Arnold, supposed to be his brother. I should therefore like a record of the children of Captain Edward. The wife of Oliver was Elizabeth, and probably a sister of Stephen's wife, as there was an Elizabeth Rice born in Sept., 1759, and moreover Oliver had sons named Rice, and Green, this last being the name of Elizabeth Rice's mother. Can any one find the record of Oliver's marriage?—G. E. C.

The Battle of Lake Erie.

[From a Canadian Magazine.]

September 10.—The struggle for the control of Lake Erie, which was to decide the fate of Michigan, if not that of Upper Canada, came to a decisive issue in the battle that took place on the tenth of September, 1813, between a British fleet of six vessels under Captain Barclay and the enemy's fleet of one sail under Lieutenant Perry. The difference in effective force was not quite so great as the number of ships would imply; and the result was in doubt until an unfortunate collision between the two largest vessels of the British squadron put them at a disadvantage. The direction of the wind, always an important factor in a naval engagement in those days, was in favour of the enemy. Captain Barclay himself was wounded early in the fight, and before the battle was over, all the British officers commanding vessels and their seconds in command were either killed or so severely wounded as to be unable to keep the deck. There were but fifty experienced seamen in the crews. After stubbornly resisting for two hours and a half, four of the British ships surrendered; the other two were captured in trying to make their escape.

Perry, whose commission as a captain happened to be dated on the very day of the battle of Lake Erie, is regarded by his countrymen as the hero of the occasion. He had not only shown great ability in preparing for the contest; but, when his flag-ship was disabled and defeat seemed near, he had boarded another vessel to continue the combat, and by his own personal bravery and skill had succeeded in turning the impending defeat into the first important victory of the war.

NAMES OF DEPOSITORS  
IN THE  
Savings Bank of Newport  
As required by Section 17, Chapter 237 of the Banking Laws of the State of Rhode Island.

Byer, Benjamin.	New York City
Burr, Frank A. M.	Newport, R. I.
Burns, Mary A. Geoffroy	New Shoreham
Brown, Julia J.	Newport, R. I.
Carr, George C., Trustee	Newport, R. I.
Cory, Lucy M.	Middletown
Curley, Michael	Newport, R. I.
Davis, Mary E.	Newport, R. I.
Dodge, Jennie T.	New Shoreham
Doyle, Alice M.	Little Compton
Grinnell, Herbert A.	Middletown
Graf, Gottlieb	Melville Station
Hall, Robert D., Jr.	Newport, R. I.
Hessy, Mary	New Shoreham
Hooper, Laura M.	Newport, R. I.
Horgan, Elizabeth	Newport, R. I.
Howland, Charles C.	Newport, R. I.
Johnston, Nellie	Newport, R. I.
Johnson, Samuel	Middletown
Keeley, Elizabeth, Trustee	Boston, Mass.
Landaw, Carl H.	Troy, N. Y.
Landaw, Fred A.	Newport, R. I.
McIver, George	Newport, R. I.
McNamara, Margaret	Newport, R. I.
Millikin, Catherine E.	New Shoreham
Millikin, Maud A.	New Shoreham
Nowbold, Maude S. Ledyard	Newport, R. I.
Newton, Phillip S.	San Francisco, Cal.
O'Brien, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Patten, Eliza B.	Newport, R. I.
Potter, Edward C.	New York
Seabury, William H.	Little Compton
Stacy, Mrs. William T.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Annie C.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Hannah P.	Newport, R. I.
Sweeney, William S.	Newport, R. I.
Westcott, Marcy V. Dunn	New Shoreham
Willis, Hannah R.	New Shoreham

Moth Time Means—  
Cedar Chests, of Course.

And we're on the spot as usual with the goods. Chests that are lined with best California Cedar and with a bushel or so of the real Cedar shavings thrown in, making a mixture that will put Mr. Moth away to slumberland before he's had even a taste of the delicious fabrics you've laid aside for the moment.

Which will you do—own a chest or pay the clothes doctor to stop up the punctures?

Sizes needed, which are not in stock can be promptly procured.

A. C. TITUS CO.  
225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Good Roads for Telephone Talk

THE good roads movement has not been confined to the highways. The Bell Telephone system has covered the country with "good roads" for telephone talk, reaching every nook and corner. There are more than 12,000,000 miles of these "good roads" in the Bell system. Some of them are strung in single pairs or in aerial cables from pole to pole; others are hidden away in underground conduits; they cross lofty mountain chains; pass under mighty rivers and reach the heart of each industrial and commercial center of the nation and to the most remote habitations.

These "good telephone roads," of the Bell system are all operated by one system, under one policy, forming one continuous system of inter-communication. They connect more than 7,500,000 telephones for universal service.

PROVIDENCE  
Telephone Co.  
CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.  
Every Bell Telephone has Long Distance Station.

NEWPORT BEACH  
BROOKLYN MARINE BAND  
B. BAVETTA, Conductor.  
"THE PEER OF THEM ALL."  
CONCERTS Morning, Afternoon, Evening.  
Shore Dinners from Noon Until 8 P. M.  
Under Supervision of Chester Pryor,  
A La Carte Service—Specialties, Steaks, Rhode Island Chickens,  
Fish, Lobsters.

WANTED--Bright Young Men and Women  
to register for the  
OPENING DAY OF THE FALL TERM OF  
CHILDS BUSINESS COLLEGE.  
OPENING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER SECOND.  
8-23-4W  
NEWPORT REALTY BUILDING.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

TO HERMAN J. GRAY and all other persons interested in the premises:  
NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by the said Herman J. Gray to Robert Macfarlane, dated Jan. 20th, 1902, and recorded in Little Compton, R. I. Registry of Deeds, book 13, page 27, etc., and duly assigned by the executor of the estate of said Robert Macfarlane to William H. Rose, by assignment dated October 25th, 1907, and recorded in Little Compton, R. I. Registry of Deeds, book 13, page 27, etc., and duly assigned by the executor of the estate of said William H. Rose to the mortgagee of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on  
MONDAY, September 23rd, 1913,  
at 11 o'clock a. m.,

the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows, to-wit:  
A certain tract or parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in Little Compton, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the Southeast corner of the land conveyed and the Southwest corner of land now or formerly of Drusilla U. Macfarlane and running West with the wall to land now or formerly of Abraham Macfarlane; thence North with the wall along said Abraham Macfarlane's land, a distance of 35 feet to land now or formerly of Coraella King; thence East on a line with the South line to the Highway running from Adamsville Southwesterly to Westport Harbor; thence South along said Highway to the point of beginning, a distance of 150 feet.  
Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever.  
Terms made known at sale.  
By order of the mortgagee and present holder of said mortgage, I hereby give notice of his intention to bid in said sale or any postponement or adjournment thereof.  
830-14

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., of the Mercury, Published Weekly at Newport, R. I., Required by the Act of August 24, 1912.  
Editor: John P. Sanborn, A. H. Sanborn.  
Managing Editor: John P. Sanborn, Newport.  
Business Manager: John P. Sanborn, Newport.  
Publishers: Mercury Publishing Company, Newport.  
Stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock: Mrs. John P. Sanborn, Newport.  
Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.  
JOHN P. SANBORN,  
Treasurer and Manager.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of August, 1913.  
PACKER HIRMAN,  
Notary Public.  
(My commission expires June, 1914.)  
830

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 11th, 1913.

Estate of Ellen Peters.  
MARY O. RICHARDSON, Administratrix of the estate of Ellen Peters, late of said Newport, deceased, presents her first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which she claims as a claim of the administratrix; and the same is received, and referred to the Second day of September next at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,  
Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, August 11th, 1913.  
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of JAMES MAHON, late of the City of Newport, deceased, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.  
All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.  
8-16-13  
ELLEN T. MAHON.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., August 4, 1913.

Estate of Macy A. Ball.  
RAY PAYNE, Executor of the estate of Macy A. Ball, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his first account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the second day of September, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof shall be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,  
Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of Susan G. Chase.  
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Susan G. Chase, single woman, late of the Town of Middletown, R. I., deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of said Town of Middletown, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.  
All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.  
DANIEL M. CHASE,  
Executor.  
Middletown, R. I., August 23, 1913.  
8-23-4W

R. I. Normal School

Announces the opening of the next term on MONDAY, Sept. 2, at 8 a. m.  
Entrance examinations Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3 and 4, at 9:30 a. m.  
All candidates must be graduates of approved high schools and must take entrance examinations.  
Students preparing for the September examination may apply to the Registrar for questions used in the July examinations.  
The School offers 4 courses of study, as follows:  
1. A general course of two and one-half years, which prepares for teaching in the primary and grammar grades of the public schools.  
2. A kindergarten-primary course of the same length.  
3. A special course of one year for teachers of successful experience.  
4. A course for college graduates.  
For catalogue or further information apply to the Registrar, John A. R. Ranger, Normal School, or to Walter E. Ranger, Secretary, Trustees, Box 151, Providence.  
8-23-13

Carr's List.

AUDEL'S  
HOUSEHOLD  
HELPS HINTS  
AND  
RECEIPTS  
OF THINGS YOU SHOULD  
KNOW.  
3,000 References.  
21013 THAMES ST.  
Tel. 633.

ASK ANY HORSE  
Eureka  
Harness  
Oil  
Mica  
Axle  
Grease  
Sold by Dealers everywhere  
Standard Oil Co. of New York

NOTICE  
To Taxpayers.

OFFICE OF COLLECTOR OF TAXES,  
City Hall Newport, R. I.  
The tax bills for 1913 are now in my hands for collection and must be paid on or before August 31, 1913.  
The time allowed by the Representative Council for the payment of this tax expires on the thirty-first day of August, 1913, and according to said ordinance (as authorized by the laws of the State) all taxes not paid on or before that date shall carry, until collected, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.  
Checks accepted.  
Office hours 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.  
E. W. HIGBEE,  
Collector of Taxes.  
7-25-13W



You Want a Running Water Lavatory Without Plumbing

A modern, convenient lavatory for rent which has no plumbing connections. This fixture takes the place of the old-fashioned commode and stop jar and costs no more. It gives you fresh running water for lavatory purposes without the expense of installing plumbing for bath room or wash stand.

The Whole Story In A Nut Shell.

The Howe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to be added, nothing to run, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't stop out, may be moved from place to place.

Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment House, Rooming house or summer cottage.  
"So Handy and So Clean."  
That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper when she turns on the water for the first time. It takes the place of a newly installed Howe Sanitary Lavatory.  
Ask for information and get free booklet written today.  
GORDON CO.,  
Bridgeport, Conn.  
925 Main St.  
1-5

RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE.

FOUR-YEAR COURSES (U. S. Degree) in  
Agriculture  
Engineering  
Home Economics  
Applied Science  
SHORT COURSES (for students eighteen years of age and over) in  
Agriculture  
Home Economics  
Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. No tuition to residents of the State. Board and room at cost less than elsewhere. For catalogue and illustrated booklet visit the college at Kingston. Nineteen students daily.  
A great opportunity for the young men and young women of Rhode Island.  
Address REGISTRAR,  
Kingston, R. I.

MEET ME AT BARNEY'S

You'll Enjoy These  
Summer Evenings  
If you can adjourn to the veranda or lawn and hear a few favorite selections played on your Victor or Victrola.  
If you haven't a Victor or Victrola you are missing much enjoyment that could be yours for a very small investment.  
See our Victrola at \$15.  
BARNEY'S  
Music Store,  
110 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

NEW MODEL

MULTIPLY HAMMOND  
TYPEWRITER  
All Languages on One Machine.  
Carries Two Sets Type at one time.  
Ball Bearing Carriage.  
Automatic Ribbon Feed.  
Visible Writing, Two-color Ribbon.  
Send for Catalogue.  
Allowance made on old machines of any make.  
The Hammond Typewriter Co.  
101 MILK STREET,  
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